

The Farmington Times AND HERALD.

The Farmington Times Printing Co.

FARMINGTON, ST. FRANCOIS COUNTY, MO., DECEMBER 11, 1902.

Volume 29, Number 59.

Keep The Quality Up.

This has been Our Motto for years and has made Our Store and Our Shoes favorites of the people

Our Shoes Give Satisfaction.

J. M. KARSCH SHOE COMPANY,

Cash Shoe Dealers, Farmington, Mo.

The News Compressed.

A bill has been introduced into the French Chamber of Deputies, which abolishes all French titles.

Miss Anna Ewing Cockrell, daughter of Senator Cockrell of this state, made her debut into Washington society on last Saturday evening.

The Shah of Persia has reduced his harem from 1100 to 60 wives. It is said that his recent trip throughout Europe gave him some new ideas which he is enforcing.

James B. Hill, a retired capitalist of St. Louis was struck by a street car on Saturday night and died almost instantly. The car was being run at a reckless speed and the conductor and motorman were arrested.

Nine convicts in the Missouri Penitentiary were pronounced insane by Dr. C. B. Elkins, physician at the penitentiary, and on the 16th were ordered sent to the Fulton asylum by Governor Dockery.

It is reported that J. Pierpont Morgan has very shortly merged the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania into a gigantic coal trust, with George F. Baer at its head. The probable capital stock is estimated at \$400,000,000.

Dispatches from Washington, D. C., indicate that the possibility of getting a trade agreement with Cuba, at the present session of Congress, is remote. The proposed treaty is blocked by enemies of Palma, the President of Cuba.

It is estimated that there are in London, Eng., at least 500,000 laborers who are unemployed. The government has made no move to relieve them and as this will undoubtedly be a rigorous winter, much suffering will certainly result.

Miss Dora Meek, the sleeping girl of Centralia, Ill., who has been asleep for 70 days has not yet awakened and all efforts to arouse her have proved fruitless. She takes some nourishment, but unless she soon awakes, death will ensue.

A bill will be introduced at the present session of the State Legislature increasing the salaries of the Circuit Judges throughout the State, with the exception of the 6th, 8th, 16th, 23d, 25th and 30th circuits. The increase will be from \$2,000 per year to \$3,400.

President Roosevelt is making preparations for a trip to the Pacific coast soon after the adjournment of Congress in March. He will endeavor to arrange the dates so that he will be able to be present at the opening of the St. Louis World's Fair on April 30, 1903.

Admiral Dewey has been stationed off the coast of Porto Rico with an immense fleet, for the purpose, it is stated, of enforcing the Monroe Doctrine should Germany and England attempt to take control of the Venezuelan government because of debts which they cannot collect.

A man by the name of John Foster, who lives at Corydon, Ind., was horsewhipped by whitecaps 16 years ago. He has not been able to stand alone since, but has laid on his back, his legs jerking almost constantly. Food and clothing have been mysteriously supplied to him, presumably by some of the whitecaps who now regret their action.

It is indicated that the Senate of the State Legislature will certainly be controlled by the members who are opposed to all lobbying. It is even rumored that Lieut. Gov. Lee will appoint only those men who are unapproachable on all important committees. Anti-lobby legislation for the important offices of the Senate will be put forth and very likely be elected.

Speaker Thomas B. Reed died at Washington, D. C., last Saturday night. Mr. Reed was

speaker of the Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, Fifty-first and Fifty-second Congresses, and his firmness in that capacity earned for him the name of 'Clear Reed'. He had been sick but a few days and death was from uraemic poisoning due to imperfect action of the kidneys.

On compliance with the request of President Francis of the World's Fair, Governor Dockery has issued a proclamation, designating Dec. 20th as Flag Day, being the 99th anniversary of the acquisition of the Louisiana Territory. The proclamation requests that all public and private houses be decorated as much as possible.

A bill now pending in Congress provides for the admission of a new State composed of the Territories of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. The name of the State is to be Oklahoma. No mention was made of Arizona or New Mexico, both of which territories are expected to apply at this Congress for admission as States.

Charles F. Kelly, the St. Louis bootler who went to Europe and was arrested upon his return, in Philadelphia, was brought to St. Louis on the 3d inst. He is indicted on three counts, two for bribery and one for perjury. His bond in all is \$30,000, being \$10,000 for each count. On Dec. 15th he will be arraigned on one of the bribery charges.

Secretary of the Treasury Shaw made his report to Congress on the 3d inst. The report shows that the available cash balance on hand on June 30, 1902, was \$362,187,361, the largest in the history of the department. Secretary Shaw urges that all silver should be redeemed in gold; that additional bank circulation is necessary; that the national debt be perpetuated as a basis of circulation, and additional bonds issued; he favors the issuing of a bank circulation based on general bank credits, and Government deposits in banks after special examination.

On last Friday afternoon, Charles J. Denny, member of the St. Louis House of Delegates, was convicted of perjury in connection with the Suburban bill, and sentenced to two years in the Penitentiary. This is the seventh conviction in the eight St. Louis boodling cases which have come up for trial. The only acquittal was that of Henry Nicolaus on the 3d of this month. Messrs. Denny, Leckman, Faulkner, Snyder, Berach, Butler and Denny are the convicted ones, and their sentences are from 2 to 5 years. All of them have appealed to the Supreme Court.

Sentiment and Subsidy.

The Rochester (N. Y.) Herald says: "The vigorous opposition to the ship subsidy grab waged by Democrats and independent Republicans for the past three years has thus far borne fruit in the stimulation of a healthy sentiment in favor of the protection of the federal treasury against the more brazen schemes of individual favoritism." Undoubtedly the Herald is correct in its statement; and yet it remains to be seen whether this fact will have any effect upon a Republican Congress. It did not restrain the Senate from passing the ship subsidy bill, and recent dispatches announce that Congressmen Grosvener has been at Washington for several days with the view of making a special effort in behalf of this iniquitous measure.—The Commoner.

A young lady was going twisting along a street in San Francisco the other day to all appearance like she had a flea on her. A news boy with a bundle of papers ran up and exclaimed: "Examine! Examine!" The young woman replied: "No, not till I get home."

LIFE'S SPICE.

"Variety is the spice of life."

BY S. MCK. F.

The "Pass It Along" continues to grow, the latest contribution being from Mrs. Drummer. Please remember that there is always a package at the THE TIMES office for the benefit of the farmer who can't drive up to the house for a package of books to gratify the children as well as the older people. I spent nearly a day assorting, marking and packing these bundles, and I want them circulated where they will do the most good.

It is said by those who oppose woman suffrage that women would never understand true politics. Now, from my point of view, as I know politics there is not much mind service involved, when true politics is simply voting the straight ticket from start to finish of the political party to which you belong, regardless of the mental and moral capacity of the candidates. If a man occasionally dares to have the courage of his convictions and scruples a candidate's name, it is held against him and brought up at unexpected times. It seems to be such a very unusual thing for an office-seeker and office-holder to be an impartially honest man, that when one is found the greatest bo-do is made of him. Such, I think, to be the state of affairs from the great number of remarkable things said about Joseph Folk. He has been spoken of for nearly every available office except President on the strength of the fact that he is an honest man. Therefore, I argue that honesty is a rare quality in the political world. You have all heard of the Irishman who, when working in the cemetery, came to a tombstone which bore this inscription: "Here lies a lawyer and an honest man," and his remark that land must be dear there, when they had to bury two men in one grave.

Ellis D. Ake, editor of the Iron-ton Register—"Uncle Eli," to his little sweetheart, May and Jeanette—has written a beautiful story dealing with the Indian legends of Sunset Mountain in North Carolina in the far away day when that region was the happy hunting ground of the Ooogee and the Tuskee Indians, whose object of adoration and worship was the great Day God, the sun. The beautiful daughter and the brave son of warring tribes are the lovers of the story, and the earthquake, which saved the life of the latter when condemned to the torture stake, forms a graphic picture of the story. All ends happily for the lovers, the villain meets a deserved death, the two tribes are united in friendship and the bloody hatred is buried. The language of the story is beautiful, and from prose poetry changes to rhythmic verse, of which there are several in the book. In place of the usual selection I give one of them here:

"The rarest gift by loving love bestowed
On puny mortals here below,
Is love! It rears to heaven its drooping head
And teaches him its bliss to know—
To know, ere yet his after life begins,
The joy the angels know, and takes
From out his soul the stinging thought of self,
And him to noble deeds awakes!"

"O love, the dearest passion known to man!
That purges out all evil things,
And maketh sweet thought and act to flee
To baser mind that earthward clings—
Without thee, life a weary waste and drear
Would lie in cold and gloom asleep;
On thy white wings we ever, ever rise,
And thus attain to heights divine!"

It has been a matter of regret to me that it was deemed impossible by those in charge of the project to continue the Kindergarten. I have talked and written about the Kindergarten for the past twenty years, and I was very much gratified when one was established. There is a broad field of Kindergarten work here, and while it properly belongs to the public school, in a public spirited community one should receive enough private patronage to keep a Kindergarten in a town like this, which bears a reputation abroad for intelligence and culture. Given, an efficient set of officials, a band of encouraging mothers, a teacher full of enthusiasm and love for children and the presentation of

the work, and success ought to have been assured. Which was lacking! The Kindergarten failure seemed to be epidemic, as the schools so successfully carried on at Bonne Terre and Fredericktown yielded up the ghost also. Way out in Colorado, in the little mining town near Trinidad, there are Kindergartens, and in a town of 300 inhabitants there is one with 25 pupils. The matter should not be allowed to die, but interest should be revived so that next year the experiment may become a reality.

Rather Too Late.
"If folks could have their funerals when they are alive and well and struggling along, what a help it would be!" sighed Aunt Jerusha, folding her Paisley shawl with great care.

"Now, there is poor Miss Brown," she added, as she pinned her Sunday bonnet into her green veil. "How encouraged she'd have been if she could have heard what the minister said to day! I wouldn't wonder one mite if she'd have got well."

"And Deacon Brown a-wiping his eyes and all of them taking on so! Poor soul, she never dreamed they set so much store by her."

Miss Brown got discouraged. Yet so, Deacon Brown, he'd got a war of blaming everything onto her. I don't suppose the Deacon meant it—twas just his way—but it's awful wearing. When things were out, or broke, he acted just as if Miss Brown did it herself, on purpose. And they all might it, like the minister or the whooping cough.

"And the minister a-telling how the Deacon brought his young wife here when 'twasn't nothing but a witheredness; and how patient

Father Walsh Sings of Missouri.

LA SALLE INSTITUTE,
GLENCOE, MO., OCT. 2, 1902.

DEAR MR. FISHER:

I learned from your townsman, Rev. Father Toomey, at the Diocesan Synod, September 21st, that you are alive and flourishing. I am very glad to hear it, for I cannot forget the valuable aid I received from THE TIMES when working in Southeast Missouri. I have been six years in Nebraska and seven years and six months here at the Normal School and Novitiate of the Christian Brothers since I left Southeast Missouri. I enjoy the old health and spirits, for which I am daily grateful to God.

I am surprised, almost, but certainly delighted at the development of Southeast Missouri; and to complete your happiness I hope the great and wonderful 'Frisco system may gather you all in and let you out on all sides. What a shame and reproach that so much of the richest State in the world should be either off entirely or have a mere "dinky" service. Spend the day of the ninety towns.

I enclose you some verses which appeared once before in a less elaborate form and were butchered by "the devil," who hates Missouri on account of the high moral character of her people. May I entreat your services to defeat his malice? I do not presume that "Missouri" states any of the high poetic excellence exhibited in the twelve hundred various productions which lately flew along the "Shinker road" and found their scene in "Polly," a very pretty girl, whose big feet, the products of honest industry, could in no way detract from her general grace while "humping along" the Shinker road.

Let twelve hundred Missourians make a good effort to celebrate our great State in verse—verse that can easily and naturally be sung, and we may find a "Missouri Polly."

Very sincerely,
M. C. WALSH.

MISSOURI.

The wealth of Missouri no fancy can measure,
Where nature, untrifled, from her boundless treasure
Pours out the riches so land can display;
Where the beams of the morning that darkness dispel,
And the moon and the stars that in memory dwell,
Perfect the beauty of night and of day.

The hills of Missouri rise greeting the stranger,
Who seeks in her valleys a home without danger,
Casting no shadow on plenty and peace;
The bravest of freemen their summits inhabit,
Americans blending the blood of each climate,
Where woman has beauty and man has grace.

Have you walked in the depths of Missouri's great wood,
Where the solitude welcomes in kindly mood,
The heart seeking solace from crowds and cares?
Where the light and the shade make a mystical land,
Elevating the soul, like the touch of a hand,
Banishing sorrow and drying up tears?

When the stars in their journey of love through the sky,
Their effulgence unclouded, unblemished, would say:
The streams of Missouri their faces reveal;
At the noon of the day, in the midst of the night,
No banks yield such beauty, such repose and delight,
As where her rivers in majesty roll.

The song follows the furrows that fate has sown,
Where nature, untrifled, prompts her rich bounties sown,
Telling the story of labor with hope;
Kind nature the soil of Missouri has favored,
By planting the seed of all climates she borrowed,
Enriching her breast for mankind to reap.

When Solomon sent far away to the Ophir
To bring back the splendor the temple to cover,
Missouri gave all that Ophir her name;
And so long as the tale of the temple shall last,
And the deeds of the Jew when the Roman oppress,
Missouri shall grow in wealth and in fame.

Her door, her purse, her heart to the stranger fly free,
Affection unfolding and hospitality,
Giving with joy, but unwilling to take,
When the question of principle, country or kind,
The commonwealth jars, with clouds o'ercreasting the mind,
Missouri is right, though her life the stake.

Our thanks we hold out to the God who has given,
A libation we pour to the men who have striven
To make Missouri the first of the best,
Oh long may we live in the land of Missouri,
Her women so fair be our pride and our glory,
For she is God's land, the land of the blest.

—M. C. WALSH.

the work, and success ought to have been assured. Which was lacking! The Kindergarten failure seemed to be epidemic, as the schools so successfully carried on at Bonne Terre and Fredericktown yielded up the ghost also. Way out in Colorado, in the little mining town near Trinidad, there are Kindergartens, and in a town of 300 inhabitants there is one with 25 pupils. The matter should not be allowed to die, but interest should be revived so that next year the experiment may become a reality.

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Fifty Years the Standard



Alternating Currents

Our Excuse For Being.

Several weeks ago, that is, prior to the election, we were real energetic and found time between naps to clip enough stale jokes to fill "Ye Spinal Column," but during the election our valuable paper was filled with tickets and constitutional amendments, and as a result we were demoralized and even forgot how to use the scissors. However, we have again condescended to start another funny (?) column—not through any desire of our own but because of the appealing prayers of thousands. Letters from all parts of the world have been pouring in on us of late, urging, begging, even threatening us. The universal cry is, "Give us more!"

Such communications as the following are received hourly:

The Farmington Times and Herald:
DEAR SIR: My daughter Grouching has suffered for the past 60 years with acute melancholia. Some months ago, choosing to pick up a copy of your paper and glancing at "Ye Spinal Column," she cracked a smile for the first time in 57 years. Reading further on in your valuable column, she actually chuckled, and another paragraph found her convulsed with laughter. My daughter is cured. Please let the good work go on.

Yours gratefully,
MISS LAURA FISHER
Hog-eye, Mo.

So you see it was up to us. We have not called our column "Ye Spinal Column," because some unkind people said that our paper didn't have any backbone and that our attempt to give it one was very disgusting. So our dynamo will henceforth give out "Alternating Currents."

The Bell Telephone Co. is out and Mr. Frey is in, or rather he is out—on bond. You see he didn't like this climate, then he decided that he did and came back. Somebody thought that maybe Mr. Frey had better stay here awhile, possibly for his health, perhaps for other reasons, but we don't know about that. Anyway, Mr. Frey came back; why, we don't know. We thought he was a goner, but he came back.

We suggest that the County Court adopt as the county anthem the following:

Oh! where, oh! where have the Dooley boys gone?
Oh! where, oh! where can they be?
They've left their homesmen all in the lurch,
Oh! where, oh! where can they be?

Are we having a steam threshing machine engine procession or is that the front end of the electric railway that has taken possession of our town?

We consider the following the cream of our column—but we skimmed it from the other fellow's milk:

ONE ENOUGH
When I am dead you'll find it hard,
Said he,
To ever find another man
Like me.
What makes you think, as I suppose
You do,
I'd ever want another man
Like you?

Let's quit counting those that got shot when hunting, and count those of us that are left—it's easier.

One of our local contemporaries said in an editorial last week that St. Francois county should have

free rural mail deliver. Hush up, brother, don't you know the rural delivery hurts the country paper? It takes the city dailies to the farmers' gate and puts the local paper out of business. By all means you should be more discreet.

A man by the name of Corn was married down in Nebraska recently to a lady named Wheat. The choir sang the song, "What Shall the Harvest be?" A boy in the audience yelled "Nabbits!" and they forthwith ejected him from the church.

An English paper records the recent marriage near Cornwall, England, of Miss Jane Weeks to Thomas Day, and adds: "A Day is gained, a Week is lost, but time cannot complain; for soon there will be Days enough to make a Week again."

A maiden fair, with sun-kissed hair, came tripping down the street; her face serene, her age 16—gee whiz, but she was sweet. On the sidewalk slick she came down quick, with a jolt that shook her curls, but the words she used must be excused—for she's one of the nicest girls.

A certain young man who detected a piece of bark in his sausage went to the butcher's shop to know what had become of the rest of the dog. The butcher is reported to have been so affected that he could only give him a part of the tale.

What instrument of death will the Flat River homicide use next? They are artists out there and most any old thing goes.

Why the Railroads Increased Wages

It is believed by many that the recent increase in wages given by a number of railroads to their employees was for the purpose of laying the foundation for a radical increase in freight rates. Shippers do not take kindly to the proposed increase and they insist that it is not justified by the cost incurred by the railroads either in the purchase of supplies or the employment of labor. The proposed increase is vigorously denounced by the press generally.

The New York World says that "by advancing wages and freight simultaneously it is now estimated that the railroads will put about \$50,000,000 more in the pockets of their employees and about \$120,000,000 more in their own, leaving them a clean net profit of \$70,000,000. The general public should be thankful that the railroads are not frequently seized with these fits of generosity.

The Baltimore American points out that the demands of the railroads are very heavy and that their profits are correspondingly large, and it adds that the railroad magnates are not making friends by increasing freight rates on a public convenience when such increase is not rendered necessary by an increase in the cost of operation.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says that because the roads are overrun with traffic, shortage of cars being estimated at about 60,000, although 80,000 new cars have been added during the year, the situation is such as to put the railroads in a position where they can insist on an advance. But the Courier-Journal does not think the advance is justified.

The Philadelphia Record says that the increase in wages of railroad employees is merely a shifting of the burden from the shoulders of the railroad magnates to the shoulders of their consumers. The Record adds: "Unless the iron and steel makers and the farmers shall be able to reduce the rate of wages paid by them they will have to pay the increased freight rates and make the best of it. The prosperity, therefore, that falls into the lap of labor the astute railway managers have merely acted as agents in transferring from other sources of supply. There is a suspicion that when the balance is struck there will be a superfluous left in their hands."—The Commoner.

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